

Life of a Terrorist: CounterStrike

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## 1. Default Chapter

Life of a Terrorist: Counter-Strike

**\*\*\_CRACK!\_\*\*** The door busted open. I was hiding under a couch, pulling out my Glock. I was lucky it had a full magazine inside, or else I would've been dead tonight. Flashlights were being waved frantically in search of me. "Must've fled," one of them said, "What a pussy!" said another. I tossed out a grenade, far enough so I wouldn't sustain any damage, killing 3 of the Counter-Terrorists. I jumped out shooting. I met 4 Counter-Terrorists running through the door, so I pounded 3 bullets into each of their chests. Their team was gone. I got into my jeep and got out of there, but only after setting fire to the place so I'd look super cool.

I met up with my ringleader, telling him of my escape. He promoted me, acknowledging my ability to think under pressure. Our next mission, bombing a stadium containing the president. Me and my team had our tickets and went in as if nothing was wrong. We acted like super bowl fans, even though we had no idea what football was. I planted a C4 bomb in each of the bathrooms, blowing that 'bitch' to pieces, as my wingman said. Then I killed the whole world and I won!

## 2. This is what happens when the world ends

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### Chapter 2

I look around at the lifeless Earth, wondering what I had done. Then I saw the Ferarri I had looked at my entire life in magazines. I quickly hotwired it, with my tongue sticking out of my mouth in

desire to drive it. Unfortunately, I had never driven a car, but that didn't stop me from knowing how to hotwire it and drive it perfectly. All of the sudden, ZOMBIE ARMS STARTED STICKING OUT OF THE GROUND! I thought I was going mad out of pure joy, but it soon become all too real when the zombie started choking the hell out of me. I quickly pulled out my atom bomb and bombed that sucka. Right after that I looked back to see billions of zombies sprinting after me at over 500 MPH, luckily my car easily outran them. I soon began to throw atom bombs at them all, but they were immune, so I pulled out some hydrogen bombs, I threw one and they all died. I then started throwing them around for a fireworks show.

After that, the zombies got scared as hell and started bowing to me, but I told them to go back in their graves and never come out. I started making atom bombs to last me for years of zombie invasions, but then I stopped. Amen.

### 3. Get ready for some serious action

**\*\*\_BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! \_\*\***The alarm clock rings. I curse loudly in anger about waking up from my super, sickly awesome, grindin' dream. Then I go straight to my computer and open up Counter-strike. I join my favorite server and immediately start crushing. "\_HACKER!\_" they all type. I tell them that they're right, and there's nothing they can do about it. After I say that into my nifty \$90 microphone that I bought, I immediately headshot them. When my score finally reaches 75-0, which takes about 4 rounds, maybe 5, I leave. Just kidding, but I did just poop my pants, which was the most exciting part of my morning. Then I pour myself a nice hearty bowl of corn flakes, and dump five pounds of sugar on it. I then pour the milk. I grab a spoon and eat the cereal. I go to School, I come home. I do my homework. THEN I GO TO SLEEP AND DREAM AGAIN! HERE COMES THE NEXT CHAPTA BABY! CAN'T WAIT FOR THIS!

**\*\*CAN YOU? \*\***If you can't, then you're with me and the rest of the people in the world who are cool! If you can, well, you suck.

End  
file.